Eeter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.

Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector?*

King. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timberd.

Long. His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors.*

Duman. More Calfe certaine.

Boye. No, he is best indued in the small.

Bero. This cannot be *Hector.*

Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.

Braggart. *The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almightie, gaue* Hector *a gift.*

Duma. A gift Nutmegg.

Bero. A Lemmon.

Long. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. *Peace. The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almighty, Gaue* Hector *a gift, the heir of Illion,*
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,
From morne till night out of his Pauilion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweete Lord *Longauill* raine thy tongue.

Long. I must rather giue it the raine: for it runnes against *Hector.*

Dum. I and *Hector's* a Greyhound.

Brag. The sweete War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:
When he breathed he was a man:
But I will forward with my deuice; sweete royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps foorth.

Quee. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. *I do adore thy sweete Graces Slipper.*

Boyet

Boyet Loues her by the foote.

Dum. He may not by the yarde.

Brag. *This* Hector *far surmounted* Hannib
The partie is gone.

Clow. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is t
her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest T
wench is cast away: shee's quicke, the chil
bellie already: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among
Thou shalt die.

Clow. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for
quicke by him, and hangd for *Pompey* that is

Duma. Most rare *Pompey.*

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey.*

Bero. Greater then great, great, great, gre
pey the hudge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Bero. *Pompey* is mooued more Ates mor
or stir them on.

Duma. *Hector* will challenge him.

Bero. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in
suppe a Flea.

Brag. By the North Pole I do challenge

Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a
Ile slash, Ile do it by the Sword: I bepray y
row my Armes againe.

Duma. Roome for the incensed Worthie

Clow. Ile do it in my shyrt.

Duma. Most resolute *Pompey.*

Page. Maister, let me take you a button
you not see, *Pompey* is vncasing for the
meane you? you will loose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon
combat in my shyrt.

Duma. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath

Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)